







The True Witness
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TR WELLS.—Matter intended for
publication should reach us NOT
LATER than 5 o'clock Wednesday after-
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Correspondence intended for publica-
tion must have name of writer enclosed,
not necessarily for publication but as a
mark of good faith, otherwise it will not
be published.
TERMS OF LOCAL INTEREST NOT
LIMITED.

Thou canst build churches
Give missions, found schools—
all your works, all your efforts will
be destroyed if you are not able to
wield the defensive and offensive
weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-
olic press.
—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.
If the English Speaking Catholics of
Montreal and of this Province consulted
their best interests, they would soon
make of the TRUE WITNESS one
of the most prosperous and powerful
Catholic papers in this country.
I heartily bless those who encourage
this excellent work.
PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1910.

CATHOLICS AND CREMATION.

There is some kind of authority in
Christ's Church, to say the very
least, and our heritage of faith
and duty, the undying legacy of the
Saviour and His Apostles, is not
subject, in our eyes, to the whims
and caprices of each individual. Not
so with the sects. Everybody is
master in them, and the preachers
dare not speak with either real
strength or authority. To make up
for their weakness and to offer an
excuse for the fearlessness of the
Church, her Apostles, her martyrs,
and her confessors, they are eternally
endeavoring to sanctify people
by Act of Parliament, or through
the municipal code. Their strength
all depends on the good will of men,
but has little in common with the
dispensations of God. They do
good accidentally, it is true, but
not thanks to the power vested in
them—and they know it.
Now, when a Church with true
and living authority forbids the cre-
mation of human corpses she means
to be obeyed, and she sees to it
that she is obeyed, even if she must
impose severe penalties.
The cremation of human corpses
is a pagan practice, and one which
the Church will never sanction. It
is thanks to Freemasons and others
of that ilk, if there are corpses
cremated to-day, and if cemeteries,
competing with municipal authori-
ties, have established incinerators
of their own; and which they call by
the name of Crematory or Cremato-
rium.
Following is a summary of decrees
of the Sacred Office regarding the
incineration, or cremation, of the
human body:
1. Catholics are forbidden to be
members of any organization that
prescribes the cremation of its mem-
bers' bodies.
2. A Catholic is forbidden to or-
der his body or the body of any-
one to be cremated.
3. The last Sacraments are to be
refused to any man or woman who
insists that his or her body shall be
cremated.
4. It is forbidden to hold funeral
services over the remains of anyone
who was to the end set upon hav-
ing his dead body cremated.
5. No Mass can be celebrated pub-
licly for such persons, but Mass may
be said privately.
6. Where the deceased did not or-
der cremation of his body but where
remains are to be cremated by order
of others, the last rites may be held
over the corpse in the home or in
the church, but no services are per-
mitted in the crematoriums.
7. If the person was ignorant of
the Church's prohibition and willed

his body to be cremated, he may be
given Christian burial.
8. Where a will was made to have
one's body cremated, but where the
dying person revoked it openly, but
could not change the will before
death, it is permitted to give such
person Christian burial.
The kind of Christian who de-
clares himself in favor of cremation
ought to remember that he will have
all the chances for a good long cre-
mation beyond the bourne whence
no traveler returns to paganism,
without unnecessarily resorting to
fire on this side of the grave.
Without entering here into a dis-
cussion on cremation, let us simply
state that even barbarous peoples
have always paid respect to the
corpses of their dead, and that,
again, among the very man-eating
tribes of Oceania. We know from
our Canadian history what respect
the savages of the land always show-
ed their dead. Those who would like
to add to their knowledge on the
subject might read Father Camp-
bell's late work on the "Pioneer
Priests of America" (Vol. II., chap.
vi., on John de Brébeuf, etc.), and
a hundred others.
The Church deems the bodies of
her children to be the very temples
of the Holy Ghost; the waters of
baptism were poured upon their
heads, and they were sanctified by
the reception of the Most Holy Eu-
charist, not to speak of the other
Sacraments. She will never coun-
tenance any unholy destruction of
remains so favored and so blessed.
Meanwhile, let those who will clam-
or for cremation as their due af-
ter death, if they choose, for as
long as the greater number of them
live the lives they intend to live and
have hitherto lived, they will get
more cremation chances than they
want.
THE MOST IGNORANT OF
BIGOTS.
The most ignorant of all bigots
are to be found in English-speaking
countries, and among the followers
of English-speaking sects. The Meth-
odists in Rome, the Orange bigots
of Liverpool, the English Protestant
Alliance, the French Evangelization
cranks, Samuel Blake, John Kensit
the Younger, Hughes, Sproule, etc.,
etc., are all products and exhibitions
of the English-speaking school of
bigotry, just as the A.P.A.'s were.
Not in Russia, not in Germany,
not in Norway and Sweden, not in
Denmark, will you find anything
equivalent to the ignorant fanaticism
so rampant in England and in
a few obscure corners of the United
States. It would, indeed, be an inter-
esting problem of psychology to
undertake to solve, were one to
probe the ins and outs of the ques-
tion with which we are now deal-
ing. Many hard things would
have to be said, and race mentality
would play no mean part in the solu-
tion.
The fact is there withal, and it is
this: the basest and most degrad-
ing forms and shapes that bigotry
can assume find their natural in-
spiration, well-being, and success
in the lands where the sects speak
English. Nine-tenths of the printed
ignorance against the Church
have arisen in the same places, and
the foulest accusations against the
Church of Christ and her ministers
have been given a beginning under
the same conditions.
When Chiniquy wanted to make
slander pay he had recourse to the
best vehicle—the English language.
Then the most childish objections
ever imagined against the Church
were conceived by English-speaking
bigots among preachers. The trou-
ble-makers in the foreign field to-
day are English-speaking preachers,
who, most likely, are well paid for
their zeal and endeavors. Continen-
tal Protestantism could not descend
to the depths of English and
A.P.A. bigotry, and what is true of
England is truer of Presbyterian
Scotland. The anti-Catholic por-
tion of the English-speaking daily
press is the chief purveyor of calu-
mny and falsehood against the
Pope and the Church. All of which,
unfortunately, is naught but the bit-
ter truth.
THE DIVORCE EVIL IN CANADA.
We are glad to see that our big
contemporary, The Star, is no
friend of divorce. It wants Canada
to remain a Christian land, for
there is no glory in imitating our
neighbors to the south of us. And,
indeed, in the eyes of nearly one-
third of Uncle Sam's subjects, mar-
riage is no more sacred than ordi-
nary concubinage. The preachers are
ever ready to countenance divorce
and re-marry the divorcees—and
preach the Gospel (reviewed, cor-
rected, diminished and denied).
Following is what the Star
editorially concerning our spiritual
progress here in Canada along the
lines of divorce:

"The fact that during the session
just ended, the Senate granted twenty
divorces, an increase of three
over last year, is being used as a
basis for many sounding warnings
against the dangers which threaten
the marriage tie less binding. Warn-
ings, provided they have a founda-
tion in probability and a logical
connection with current events, are
excellent things for any people to
hear; if some of them appear far-
fetched and exaggerated, the realiza-
tion of this adds to our pride and
gratification in a state of affairs
which is so little a menace to fu-
ture development. In this particu-
lar instance, it will undoubtedly be
accepted by the generality of Cana-
dians that if a score of divorces for
seven million people is by no means
an indication of a common disre-
gard of the marriage vows, no di-
vorces at all would have been many
times more satisfactory a record.
In the past eleven years the Senate
has freed one or other of the con-
tracting parties to one hundred and
eleven unhappy marriages, which is
eleven a year on an average. In
1900, there were five divorces grant-
ed; in 1901, three; in 1902, four;
or an average of four a year for
the first three years of the last de-
cade. During the last three years,
the figures have been 12 in 1908,
seventeen in 1909 and twenty in
1910, a total of 49 or an average
of something over 16 divorces a
year. In other words the average
number of divorces granted each
year has quadrupled, which is far
out of proportion to the increase in
population. The fact that we are
so close to the United States, where
the divorce evil has become one of
the great social problems of this
generation, undoubtedly makes us
watch with the more anxiety for
any indication that the infection is
spreading to this side of the line. In
the State of New York, for exam-
ple, there is now one divorce for
every ten marriages, and New York
is by no means the most profligate
of the commonwealths. While our
own statistics are not alarming,
there is every reason for taking care
that there shall be no chance of
their becoming so."
THE POLES ARE NOT TO BLAME
We heard it lately said that the
Poles are given to rebellion. We
can understand why they are, how-
ever. When a nation is deprived of
its every right, when a people are
treated as dogs only could be treat-
ed, it is time to find a word of
defense in its favor. Russia and Prus-
sia, with the connivance of France,
have played with Poland too long
that even a Christian people with
all the national and neutral for-
titude of Poland could not be ex-
pected to be willing to stand for
abuse, derision, and injustice from
a hundred other sources.
Persecution has added steel to the
Polish nature, and has, perhaps,
helped that people to be very dis-
trusting of the Greeks, even when
the latter bring presents capable of
satisfying and pacifying nations
more easily contented. The Poles
are somewhat given to rebellion.
Granted. Any spirited people hates
to be rated as a nation of slaves,
especially a people unconquered by
the Reformation.
WHY WE ARE GETTING THEM.
It is a patent fact that Canada is
greeting numbers of undesirable ci-
tizens. We are loud in complaint of
the United States immigration laws,
and the men named by Uncle Sam
to see to their fulfillment in a prac-
tical and effectual manner and way.
It is said those men are too harsh,
are lacking in courtesy, and do
their work after methods too sug-
gestive of the soldier or the execu-
tioner.
True, Uncle Sam is very exacting,
but it is likewise true that we are
getting many unpalatable gentlemen,
thanks to Uncle Sam's rigor, and in
return for the laxity with which our
own immigration laws are enforced.
Many murderers who have won fame
and shed blood in the street and
lane shambles of Europe know full
well, before they leave home, that
they will be debarred from the
United States, but experience has
taught them that the road into Can-
ada has only a thorn here and there.
Asked whether he knew the Cana-
dian immigration inspectors to have
been guilty of rudeness in the put-
ting of questions to intending im-
migrants to Canada, Mr. Peter Mil-
ler, United States Immigration In-
spector at Vancouver, Maine, lately
said that the grounds for complaint
lay not so much in that quarter as
in the fact that "they ask no ques-
tions at all." According to him,
our Canadian officials were appar-
ently acting under orders from the
gods in the higher strata of rule.
It is true, he added, that the Cana-
dian inspectors he knows show
very little display of tact or con-
sideration. Evidently, we want to
pass for a polite people by welcom-
ing the human dregs of other lands
in all kindness of heart and loveli-
ness of soul.
"The provision that every incomer
to the Dominion should possess \$25
is not intelligently carried out,"
said Mr. Miller. "A similar provision
exists in the United States code, but

the instructions given to the officers
are that they shall exercise discre-
tion, if examination shows that a
passenger to the United States is
reasonably provided for in the way
of work, across the border, or
to visit friends. The money re-
quirement is not strictly enforced.
If it were, we would lose the people
we want the most; we would not
get anybody at all." Then he ended
by saying that "the Canadian de-
partment does not use its authority
in an intelligent way, as represented
by its officials."
Mr. Miller deliberately stated at
the start that Canada is getting
hordes of undesirable citizens. It is
our own fault, and murders are
multiplying in Canada with all the
speed we must naturally expect.
SPEER IS SETTLED.
The pious Mr. Speer, who, in a re-
cent number of the Literary Digest,
published untruths about the Chil-
ean clergy, has been put in his
place—among prevaricators. Speer
is one of those busybodies who,
thanks to generous pay for their
unholy trade and trouble, deem it
educating and elevating for their
brethren of the immortal Republic
of Washington, to spread false re-
ports about South America. Happi-
ly, however, South Americans are
growing tired of the Speer brood
and ilk, and, as a result, the un-
comfortable fellows are being ex-
hibited to the world at large in all
the dimness of their light. The fol-
lowing from the editorial columns
of our esteemed contemporary, Amer-
ica, speaks for itself:
"A certain Mr. Speer, who wrig-
gled into the Literary Digest of
February 5, and disgraced its pages
with sectarian misrepresentations of
the Church in South America, has
received some free advertising in El
Mercurio, a Liberal party paper of
Santiago de Chile, in its March is-
sue. After reproducing for the edifi-
cation of its readers an exact Span-
ish translation of Mr. Speer's ex-
tract from the so-called 'letter of
the Pope to the Chilean clergy,' El
Mercurio rises to make a few re-
marks: 'It is unnecessary to say
that the letter is a fraud,' declares
our Chilean contemporary. 'If it is
not, let Mr. Speer give us the name
of the Pope that signed it with its
date, and some reference that will
prove its authenticity. While he is
busy at that, let him know that in
the Chilean dailies of 1904 there ap-
peared an official communication
from Rome which states precisely
the contrary of what he avers. The
Sacred Congregation of the Council
under date of March 21, 1904, con-
gratulates Archbishop Casanova of
Santiago on his work in promoting
the solemnity of divine worship, in
strengthening ecclesiastical discipli-
ne, in favoring education, in de-
fending the faith and in encouraging
piety among the people.' It goes on
to say that their Eminences 'rejoice
that in so great a labor, and in
gathering in a harvest so abundant
and so salutary he is aided by his
clergy whose learning, piety and zeal
deserve his praise.'
'It is simply ridiculous and so
it would be judged by Chileans who-
ever Catholics or not to say that
the Chilean clergy have no tender-
ness for the poor when we all know
that there is no work of Christian
charity with which a priest is not
concerned either as a director or as
an enthusiastic supporter. As far
as income goes, let Mr. Speer com-
pare what his ministers in the United
States get with the modest allow-
ance, ironically called 'congrua-
tion,' which our priests receive. Then
we shall see who seek first the king-
dom of God. Further we will say
to Mr. Speer, in answer to the mass
of vile insinuations contained in his
article, that Chile is not only Chris-
tian but also civilized, and would
not tolerate for one moment the
presence of a priesthood such as is
pictured in that apocryphal papal
letter. It seems to us that a Chris-
tian propagandist ought to observe
the natural virtues of sincerity and
justice, without which there can be
no evangelical virtue at all.'
'At all events, with religion or
without it, no man of honor will
fail to keep the commandment, 'Thou
shalt not bear false witness against
thy neighbor.' If up there in the
North there are propagandists who
are not gentlemen, let Mr. Speer de-
vote his zeal to their conversion, for
charity begins at home, and Chile
can afford to wait.'
'El Mercurio descends to particu-
lars, giving names and details of the
work undertaken by the Chilean
clergy for the relief of the poor and
the pest-stricken and in the cause of
temperance and concludes: 'Who
supplied Mr. Speer with his informa-
tion about Chile? In Valparaiso
where he got it only they could
have deceived him so shamelessly
who are enemies of Chile or sectar-
ians with whom to slander an op-
ponent is to serve God or country
or both.'
REV. DR. MAURER AND THE
CREED.
It is well known that the joke-
sect preachers in the United States,
especially from among the Baptists,
furnish a daily scandal for the big
American newspapers. Let anybody
who doubts what we say take the
New York American or World for a
month, and he will find out that we
are not even exaggerating facts. Of
late it has become a pastime in the
pulpit for the American preachers to
utter blasphemy against the Apostles'
Creed. Following is what a
Rev. Dr. Maurer has to say on the

subject:
'In every Protestant congregation
in the land men and women in the
same pew who stand and recite the
Creed place widely different inter-
pretations upon it. We do not believe
the Creed voices the present religious
convictions of men. It was writ-
ten for its own age. Man to-day
has his own convictions of truth
based upon things that modern sci-
ence reveals. If he uses old forms
written for a past age to express
convictions of the present age he
will always need to adjust and qual-
ify and accommodate either himself
or these forms. . . . In regard to
the doctrine of the Creed, particular-
ly of the Virgin birth, some people
believe in it implicitly. Others feel
that neither historically nor philo-
sophically can it be justified, nor
is it necessary.'
Well, what do you think of Rev.
Dr. Maurer now? There is a Chris-
tian preacher for you, eh? What
idea have they at all of truth?
Where did they get the Doctor's bon-
net? How can the creed of Christ
and His Apostles change? Has
truth ceased to be immutable? But,
of course, poor Dr. Maurer's con-
gregation is paying him, and they
would not put up with Christianity
in the pulpit. He holds a pretty
fashionable church, and fashionable
Protestant churches are simply quiet
literary and musical clubs nowadays.
There are two or three of them in
Montreal, not out of the embryo
state as yet, however. Half those
preachers know no more about ei-
ther the Apostles' Creed or the fun-
damentals of Christian doctrine than
do two or three professors McGill
University has had in late years.
What right has Dr. Maurer to earn
a salary as a Christian preacher, if
he is not willing to accept the Apos-
tles' Creed? Even if he is simply
a pulpit speaker, not, in any sense,
a priest marked out by God for the
work of the Gospel, why does he
not resign if he is an honest man?
What is there to a preacher's service
in his church that may not be had
at a sacred concert? Is that what
Our Lord intended? Where is their
logic? Where is their very ordinary
common sense? Many of those
preachers believe no more than Vul-
gar Watson, the two or three McGill
professors, or Bob Ingersoll. They
swear by McCabe, and that is suffi-
cient!
TREES.
We once helped to plant a few
trees; as the others with us know
no more about arboriculture than we
did ourselves, many of the trees
proved failures. We are glad, how-
ever, to note that tree-lovers are in-
creasing in numbers here in Canada.
We are all getting a little of the
spirit that prevails in London, Ont.,
and that has made Hamilton, in the
same province, very attractive in
places. Even in Montreal there is
hope left. If ourselves and the fel-
low tree-planters who once helped us
deserve to be pitied rather than
blamed, here's to the health of the
man responsible for Arbor Day, as
any rate.
"The Man in the Street," who
writes for every week-end issue of
the Quebec Daily Telegraph, is, we
feel sure, a lover of trees. He has
a word of advice that means a great
deal, indeed. Let us hear him:
"If you intend setting out some
trees along the street or in your
grounds do not entrust the order
to some ignorant fellow who goes
to the nearest wood lot to pull out
by the roots some poor little sap-
lings to be dropped into a hole and
then earth shoveled about them and
pounded with the foot. Ten to one
these treelets will be seven-eighths
dead before the summer sets in. I
have seen a good deal of such tree
planting in Quebec and failure in-
variably followed. If you desire
success follow these few and simple
rules: Select a clean straight tree
not less than an inch and a half in
diameter. Dig deep around the
stem at least twelve inches from
the latter and at least twelve or
fifteen deep, and then spade well
under so as to save as many of the
rootlets and surrounding earth as
possible. With a pruning knife cut
off the top of the tree, a couple or
three feet is not too much—cut half
all the large limbs by at least half
their length. Now your tree is
ready for planting. The hole in
which it is to be set must be wide
and deep, and some well rotted man-
ure or leaf mold spread on the bot-
tom. See that your tree is kept
straight as the earth is shoveled
around the roots to secure it, and
pack the earth as the hole is filled.
For a week or ten days water
should be used freely to nourish the
roots. Having followed these in-
structions success is almost certain.
I have assisted in planting trees six
inches in diameter, and thirty feet
high, and by carefully following out
the foregoing rules ninety per cent.
have lived and flourished. Landscape
gardeners will now undertake to
transplant trees of almost any size
or age."
POOR SUCCESS, INDEED!
Our devout fellow-citizens, the
emancipated upstarts who are trying
to interfere with our Catholic
schools, have seen their pet schemes
fall through in the Legislature. For
the time being, our schools are go-
ing to remain Catholic, even if M.

M. Langlois and St. Denis feel griev-
ed at the prospect.
Let us frankly state, too, that we
have but scant respect for Dr. Fin-
nie's agitation. He seems to be
working hand in hand with danger-
ous foes of our own. And why
should he? Is that the way he
undertakes to show us how grateful
he feels for the perfect justice done
Protestants in this province, on the
score of education? Is he trying to
hold the Government hand and foot?
He knows, of course, that if his bill
should happen to prosper, there
would be hope installed for the op-
positionists among Catholics. All in
all he has been playing a busy trade
for which Catholics hardly thank
him. We do not want to interfere
with the Protestant schools, and
men like Dr. Finnie should not
force clashings upon the Legislature.
Sir Lomer Gouin, let us say at
once, is able for them all. Although
bothered on all sides with a thou-
sand embarrassments, he is meeting
all opponents at the point of the
sword. He is not the kind of man
to surrender Israel to the Philis-
tines, even if two or three strange
individuals now figure on the lay-
men's side in the Council of Public
Instruction.
At any rate, our parliamentary
friends of Quebec may rest assured
that English-speaking Catholics are
not going to have their school laws
framed by either upstarts or in-
fidels, and we know that our French
speaking brethren will fight tooth
and nail against the putty gods of
Free Thought. Our schools are Ca-
tholic schools, and they must re-
main Catholic.
So, then, while we do not thank
Dr. Finnie for his ardent endeavors,
we faithfully assure alleged Catholic
oppositionists that we hope they
may soon find a shoe to match their
foot.
THE KING'S OATH.
To men of this day—remarks the
Toronto Star—it seems strange that
the head of the British Empire
should be required to take an oath
declaring his disbelief in transubstan-
tiation, the invocation of the Virgin
Mary, and the sacrifice of the Mass.
The modern British political prin-
ciple is that the State shall have no
connection with religion, except as
religion affects public conduct; and
that the State has no right to in-
quire into matters of doctrine upon
which wide differences exist between
good citizens. In accordance with
this principle, political disabilities
attaching to the holding of certain
religious beliefs have been removed,
and doctrinal tests abolished. The
exceptional case of the King at-
tracts general adverse notice.
We are apt to forget that the idea
of perfect religious liberty is very
modern. The idea of our forefathers
was that the right religion must be
ascertained, and that all must con-
form to it. The contending reli-
gions sometimes fought for domina-
tion; sometimes sought peace by
compromise; but peace to be obtain-
ed by allowing every man to wor-
ship in his own way was an idea
of very gradual growth. The wars
and revolutions of England up to
the eighteenth century were very
largely religious in their character.
The war with Spain was regarded
as a struggle with Catholicism. The
men who fought Charles the First
were fired at least as much by re-
ligious enthusiasm as by love of po-
litical liberty.
The accession oath is a relic of
this state of feeling. It recalls also
a period when the power of the so-
vereigns of Great Britain was great-
er than it is to-day. If the sover-
eign to-day were disposed to at-
tack Protestantism, or to subvert ci-
vil or religious liberty, he would
speedily discover the limitations of
his power. It is a power which
depends largely upon personal in-
fluence, persuasion, character, ex-
perience, statesmanship, wisdom. Ar-
bitrary, despotic, oppressive action
is for him out of the question. He
does not make the laws, and his ad-
ministration is really that of his
responsible Ministers. That he could
persuade them to imperil their own
political heads by subverting the li-
berties of the people is a thing hard
to believe. The words of the oath
now appear, not as a safeguard of
liberty, but as a needless affront to
a class of the King's loyal subjects.
—Quebec Daily Telegraph.
Rev. Dr. Barclay is in favor of
schools for the blind, and so are
we. A good school for some blind
people would be that in which
the Schlegels, Countess Hahn-Hahn,
and Von Stolberg grew to love the
Church. The men and women of the
great German romantic school stud-
ied the Middle Ages. As they had
brains, many of them joined the
Church, while the rest of them lost
all faith in Protestantism.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1910.
Echoes
Former Pres-
walking across
Paris, recently
scavenger's wa-
it was loaded.
The French
papers, is \$7,
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Echoes and Remarks.

Former President Loubet, while walking across the Pont Neuf in Paris, recently, was run over by a scavenger's wagon. He didn't know it was loaded.

The French debt, according to the papers, is \$7,000,000,000. If the editor of this paper owed that much he would receive a call from the bailiff.

Sir Robert Perks, speaking on a recent visit to Canada, said that Methodism in this country was not holding its own. But what its own is, he does not say. What is Methodism's own anyway?

They are again asking themselves in the United States what they will do with their living ex-Presidents. Let them use at least one of them as a foghorn or even as a gramophone.

An Anglican monk asked the congregation of St. John the Evangelist's Church to pray for the repose of the soul of King Edward, and, at St. John's and elsewhere, there were High Masses (?) of Requiem for the same purpose.

Even distinctly Protestant papers have published cartoons of Britannia on her knees in prayer, beside the tier of King Edward. They cannot help believing in purgatory. They are affected by the common sense of Catholicism, in spite of themselves.

The Anglicans believe in Coadjutor Bishops. Let us hope the Anglican diocese of Quebec may find in its coadjutor the man and gentleman. His Lordship Bishop Dunn is. Bigots do not like him, but he is respected by Catholics.

The Rev. Dr. Paterson Smyth, in speaking of the Laymen's Missionary movement, expressed the opinion that there was danger that the members of the Anglican Church would get delighted with their nonconformist brethren. As if they were not all nonconformists.

Armand Lavergne, in a Christian Science lecture recently held in the Quebec Parliament, stated that every religion had to have its martyrs. Before Armand meddles with theology, he should learn something about the catechism. His opponent, Mr. Greenshields, could give him a few pointers for a start.

From Cornwall we hear that the ministers were unable to reach any definite basis on the validity of mixed marriages. They don't need to reach anything, the only one who has a right to decide their validity has spoken. Let them read the document from the Holy Father published in the papers some time ago.

Bishop Richardson, Anglican Angel of the Church in Fredericton, wants it understood, among his brethren in England, that, although he is in quest of ministers for his diocese, he is not a "mitred mendicant." There were, and still are, "mitred mendicants," who wear real mitres and yet are not ashamed to beg for God's sake.

We have often said it: the missionary spirit is dead among the Anglicans. Parliament and secularism were the joint murderers. If, as the cultured Rev. Dr. Patterson-Smyth says with reason, Canada's future religious conditions depend much upon the efforts of to-day, so much the worse for Anglicanism.

We are glad to think McGill University was mindful of Rev. Dr. Symonds. He deserves his honorary degree. True, we would like to see Dr. Symonds a little more consistent in his Anglicanism, but then we are not willing to question his motives. The Doctor's last defect, if he have any, would surely be dislike for hard work.

The Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, N.S., deliberately silenced facts concerning the Archbishop's action with regard to Catholic speakers in St. James Methodist Church; else the editors are not responsible. In either case they are not fit men to be religious leaders. What right have they to impose upon the consciences of honest readers? But, then, honesty needs fraud and subterfuge to give it the appearance of truth. The devil dressed as an angel of light!

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is against the Coronation Oath. Doyle, although a pupil of the Jesuits at Stonyhurst, has hitherto been a renegade. Let us hope that God will bless the protest he has made against the Oath, and that the blessing may lead him back into the Church. We are very grateful for that act of manliness on his part. Doyle must know by now that it is not necessary to be a renegade to

win the praises of honest men.

The Rev. Mr. Cobourn, of Toronto, has at last got his name into the Montreal papers. He is not willing, he says, to recognize as his sovereign and King a man who recognizes as his sovereign the Church of Rome. If the reverend gentleman will take up his bible, for a change, and scan the first few lines of the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul to the Romans, he will find something interesting for the next sermon.

The only way for a Catholic to courageously thank a bigot for his public insolence against the Church is to manfully refuse to do so, or to fearlessly demolish him. There is too much etiquette and politeness to-day, etiquette and politeness that savor of the sugar-coated Catholicism. It is not strictly Newmanism (some people think) to hit straightforwardly, but Cardinal Newman did not say so, either in theory or in practice. A bigot deserves something stronger than thanks.

Father Gillis will no longer edit the Casket; he has resigned. We could not be expected to share his views on Irish questions, and yet we are willing to admire his boldness and fearlessness. Antigonish may be proud of its professor of philosophy. It would be hard to get better, while a class of higher literature would have reason to rejoice were Father Gillis the teacher. Meanwhile, the Casket is progressing and pleasing its readers with old-time success. Father Gillis did his work markedly well.

The late Bishop Cameron willed the whole of his large library to the University of St. Francis Xavier's College. The library is a select and valuable collection of the world's best books—in fact, one of the finest in the Maritime Provinces. This gift will, some day, make St. Francis Xavier's library the best educational library east of Montreal. Not that we are sorry, but what about the library of Laval University, Quebec? Is it not the best in Canada? Scholars say it is.

Connecticut has now six Catholic Mayors, all Knights of Columbus. They are: Edward F. Smith, of Hartford; Joseph M. Holleran, of New Britain; Bryan P. Mahan, of New London, who is prominently mentioned as Democratic candidate for Governor; Daniel P. Dunn, of Willimantic, for a third term; Thos. L. Reilly, of Meriden, third term; Stephen L. Charters, of Ansonia, fourth term. Most likely now some Catholics will help the A. P. Ases to make cases against them, as we know from the experience Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston, has had.

Here is the octette of Wordsworth's sonnet to "The Virgin," in which an oft-quoted verse occurs: "Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed

With the least shade of thought to sin allied; Woman! above all women glorified, Our tainted nature's solitary boast; Purer than foam on central ocean tost;

Brighter than eastern skies at day-break strewn With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast!"

Wordsworth may not have known what a sonnet is, but the beautiful lines above are something he does not now regret.

The Canadian Collier's, in its last issue, has a half column editorial on the bible, in which nothing is said of the true word of God which is found only in the true Church. "It was a manuscript bible and a chained bible before it was a printed bible and a free Bible," says Collier's. Most books are manuscripts before they are printed; the chain could not have been altered, revised, improved and corrected by Wyclif, Tyndale, Coverdale and others of that ilk. It was a printed bible before the above mentioned gentleman ever saw the light of day, and it is a free bible (the King James version) to the savages who find it handy to wad their guns. Collier's should strive to be more original. The chain legend is out of date.

There are no bigger thieves or rogues, inside or outside the penitentiary, than some of the preachers in the Philippines from the United States. Presbyterians among them say the Rosary before statues of Our Blessed Lady; Episcopalians mockingly teach belief in the Immaculate Conception; a Protestant Bishop told the natives that all Americans were Protestant, and the general run of them are a disgrace to the American conception of Christian life and behavior. A hearty letter from Manila will soon tell our read-

ers its story. If good, honest, unsuspecting Protestant laymen were to send a detective to the Philippines, and have him faithfully and truthfully tell the story of his experiences, contributions to the joke-purses of the mercenary would drop eighty per cent as a result.

ANOTHER CRANK LOST OR STOLEN.

The editorial below from the St. John Daily Telegraph is suggestive of pious thoughts for those pitiable scribes of England who come to Canada to civilize us, but who return with the lesson learned that hard work will bring its own reward. Each one must hew his own way and expect no luxurious living.

Says our contemporary: "An Englishman who describes himself as an experienced journalist, and who says he has investigated Canadian conditions from coast to coast, has signalled his return to the United Kingdom by contributing to London Opinion an article entitled 'Heaven or Frozen Hell, a Sidelight on the Canadian Emigration Boom.' English journalists have written so much in praise of Canada, its progress, its opportunities, its climate, and its boundless resources, it is perhaps well to give a moment's attention to the exceptional case. We have no means of knowing what sort of experience our hostile critic had in Canada, but clearly this great country of ours failed to measure up to his expectations. Possibly they were exceptionally lofty. He writes:

"Do I believe in Canada as a land of Canaan for the bulk of the people sent out from England? Decidedly no. I spent a summer there, and now I have come back from spending most part of the present winter. Each time I crossed from coast to coast, and left the beaten track along the railway line. Our people are deceived. They are told of the Canadian summer; the Canadian winter—when the prairies are for many thousands of people a frozen hell—is never mentioned. The emigration literature, issued free, tells of successful farmers; it says nothing about the disappointed British homesteaders.

The intending emigrant is probably not aware that he must build a wooden house, purchasing his timber possibly thirty miles away and hauling it to the spot. Then he must dig a well, and perhaps after digging 200 feet down, he finds no water, for which he may have to go some miles to a creek or river. He has to plough a certain portion of the frozen earth and fence his farm. He must procure horses, a plough, a cart, seed, and other stock. He must furnish his house and supply it with provisions and fuel for the long winter. How many emigrants from home have the money to do these things? Those who have not must become bond-slaves to other farmers, and must run into debt, which hangs around their necks like a millstone for many years."

"While our 'experienced journalist' is, perhaps, unnecessarily blunt and hostile, much that he says is true of the West. A poor man coming to this country has to take off his coat and hustle. Possibly our critic knows of countries where that is not so; where the newcomer is met by delegations with brass bands, has a well-equipped estate and a few slaves assigned to him, and is enabled to sit under his vine and fig-tree and boss the natives until he has acquired money enough to quit the 'bloomin'' place and return to the softer luxuries of an older civilization.

"Work confronts the newcomer here and he must buckle to it if he would thrive. If his hands are his capital, he must begin early and quit late, if he would win a competence and become his own man. If he is unfit to work, or unwilling, this is no place for him. If, on the other hand, he has honesty, push, courage and some little knack of getting along, there is no country under the sun where he can sooner gain comfort and independence. If he has been a 'failure' 'at home,' he will become here what our critic calls 'a disappointed British homesteader.' If he is worthy of the country, the country will make a man of him. If he is the average man, Eastern Canada will suit him better than the west, because in climate, scenery, social conditions and products, it more closely resembles portions of the United Kingdom. But here, as there, work is the price of success."

DECADENCE OF THE DUEL.

Under the caption that is ours for the present, the Daily Star tells the illustrious duellists of France more than one truth. There are few things more ridiculous than a French duel; in fact, it is easier to ride a mule, with the mule going backwards, than it is to see sense in a challenge sent by one immortal son of the very mortal Republic of France to another. But, then, we suppose that just as things are in the glorious realms of Dryfus, Mme. Steinheil, and M. Duez, honor is of small account, and a wax bullet can settle its demands.

And yet why do the anti-Christian religious weeklies fail to publish the results of duels in France. A duel is something the Church condemns, and as such should be approvable in the eyes of the editors of papers whose only aim is to slander the Church of Christ. The editor of the Star is humorous

as well as truthful. Here is what he has to say:

"The glory of the duel has departed. It is no longer dangerous; therefore, it is no longer interesting; it is no longer even satisfying honor. On Tuesday Count Ismael de Lesseps fought a duel with Count Just de Poligny in Paris. It seems to have been a desperate affair. After an encounter between the principals with swords, the seconds either getting nervous or finding the proceedings dull, called off the swords and substituted pistols. The principals then exchanged six shots at each other without perforating anything and the fight was given up in despair without satisfying anybody. If the duel is to survive the monotonous survival of duellists, more deadly weapons will have to be chosen—pea-shooters, soap bubbles, Ross rifles, or something of that sort. The most terror-inspiring duel known to the modern novelist is the Strychnine Pill duel, which depends not upon skill but purely upon chance. The principals meet in a room all alone by themselves, with their seconds, and the reporters and the police are locked outside. They bow to each other courteously and then toss for choice. One of the seconds solemnly presents the winner with a pill box containing two pills. One of them is a perfectly harmless bread pill—the other is of exactly the same composition. The winner takes his choice, the loser takes what is left. They each swallow a pill and each falls into the arms of his seconds, murmuring forgiveness to his opponent. The only danger is, that one of them may be frightened to death."

FORM BRANCHES AND THROUG TO BUFFALO.

(Irish World.) Form branches and through to Buffalo—this is the call of Michael J. Ryan, president of the United Irish League of America.

The call is to the Irish of America, and the object is to help the cause of Irish freedom. That cause is now rapidly nearing the day and hour of final victory. Only one or two more battles remain to be fought to win Home Rule for Ireland.

But they will be battles in which the Irish leaders will need all the aid their countrymen and their race can supply. Mr. Ryan's appeal is to the race in America. He notes the fact that splendid work has already been done, resulting in practically \$100,000 since the last convention, yet that this sum has come from but a portion of the people. He believes and we believe with him that many more are willing and ready to help, that "the great masses of our race are eager to subscribe," and he tells as follows the reason why:

"Every sensible and self-respecting Irish-American must be proud of the splendid work of the Irish Parliamentary Party and the commanding position that our organization holds to-day. Mr. Redmond and his colleagues have waged their battle persistently and successfully, and the victory that is within their grasp must not be lost because of any failure on the part of the Irish in America to sustain them. Those who have given will give eagerly again, and for those who have as yet failed to give, the opportunity is now theirs to share in the 'glory of the achievement.'"

The opportunity will be furnished by the visit of the delegates, to be extended for several weeks, during which the principal cities of the United States will be covered by mass-meetings in accordance with the excellent program which the National officers suggest, as thus stated by President Ryan:

"Immediately following the National Convention, it is proposed that our visitors devote themselves to a campaign of six weeks, covering the entire country. It has been suggested that Mr. Redmond address meetings to be held in that part of the United States north of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi; that Mr. Devlin devote himself to the south, and Mr. O'Connor to the West. I make this early announcement with the request that the various localities throughout the United States will take up at once the work of preparing for mass meetings and place themselves in correspondence with our National Secretaries, so that schedules may be arranged. Each of the envoys is a distinguished orator, and the story of Ireland will be presented masterfully and convincingly."

Mr. Ryan goes on to observe that "The complaint has hitherto been made, and perhaps with justice, that we have not gone after our people, and that we have failed to organize them, but the opportunity is now presented to every community in America to meet and hear the most distinguished representatives of our race in Ireland."

That is the case as now placed before the Irish in America. It needs no further comment or emphasis. The duty upon all American friends of Ireland now and until the great event comes is to form branches where there are none, and be ready to throng to Buffalo.

Masterpiece in Kitchen.

After remaining in the possession of a humble Italian family for over 400 years, what is said to be a genuine Guido Reni portrait of the head of Christ, has been brought to light. Dingy and smoke-stained, it

OXYDONOR THE CONQUEROR OF DISEASE

Science is every day getting closer to Nature and assisting her to make good the ravages of Time and of our artificial life upon the human system. The treatment by drugs will last just as long as the public, in its unreasoning regard for convention, demands it. But the most effective treatment of the body is to give it the means of repairing itself—not to overload it with drugs.

Oxygen is Nature's own restorative and the greatest power in restoring health, strength and vigor. The problem is to get enough of it into the diseased system.

Over twenty years ago, Dr. Hercules Sanche, after a long series of experiments and exhaustive tests, gave to the world the first and only practical method of aiding the human system to absorb oxygen for the elimination of disease. This was by the use of his wonderful little instrument, OXYDONOR.

Oxygen instilled into the system by OXYDONOR has helped thousands to regain health where drugs have failed. It has cured cases that were abandoned by physicians as incurable. It helps where nothing else will, for it aids Nature to fight her own battles without the use of drugs.

OXYDONOR is as effective for the young child as for the years of robust manhood or tottering old age. It has brought new life into countless homes by removing sickness and infirmity.

But beware of fraudulent imitations. Get the genuine and original OXYDONOR, and avoid the disappointment which must follow the use of any but the genuine instrument. Don't be misled by any similarity of names.

Write for Booklet telling about OXYDONOR and its marvellous cures. Energetic, reliable men wanted in every district to handle our goods.

Dr. H. SANCHE & CO. 392 ST. CATHERINE ST., WEST, MONTREAL

Jesuit Astronomer's Opinion.

Father Algue, the astronomer, of Manila, believes that the long cherished scientific theory that a solid composition forms the nucleus of comets is now disproved. He says that exhaustive observations of Halley's comet, made from 3.30 to 11.30 on May 19, at the Jesuit observatories at Manila, Baguio, and Antipolo, failed to reveal a trace of solid matter. The weather conditions were perfect, and the observers were assisted by three natural sun spots, which facilitated the detection of solids.

Woes of Womanhood

Weakness and Suffering Banished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for men and women, and growing boys and girls, but they are good in a special way for women. At special times a woman needs a medicine to enrich and regulate her blood supply or her life will be one round of suffering. That is when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth their weight in gold, for they actually make new blood. There is not a month in her life from fifteen to fifty that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a boon to every woman. They help the growing girl safely over the critical time when her blood is overtaxed by new demands. To the woman of middle life they bring relief and bring her strength for her time of change. And during the thirty odd years that lie between Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fill a woman's life with the happiness of health, giving her strength and energy for every function. A woman's surest protection against all the ills that come to her because of her sex, is to set her blood right at once by a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—and then to keep the blood right by taking the Pills occasionally. Mrs. Eliza Clouthier, St. Jerome, Que., is one of the many unfortunate sufferers restored to health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "It would be difficult for me to say how much I suffered. I was tormented by headaches and backaches; my appetite failed and I wasted away to such an extent that I was unable to do housework. I was constantly taking medicine, but it didn't help me any. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I procured a couple of boxes. By the time these were done I felt some improvement, and thus encouraged I continued the use of the Pills, gaining strength day by day, until after I had taken six or seven boxes. I was again well and strong, and I have since continued in the best of health. I can strongly recommend these Pills to all weak and ailing women."

New Coins For Canada.

Designs for the new silver fifty twenty-five, ten and five cent pieces are officially announced in the Gazette. For the obverse impression is used the effigy of King Edward VII., consisting of head and bust wearing the imperial crown and robe of state, with the collar of the Garter, and looking to the right, with the inscription, "Edwardus VII. Dei

Advertisement for THE BEST FLOUR 18 BROADIES Self Raising Flour. Save the Bags for Premiums.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Fittings Central Post office, Montreal," will be received at this office until 5.00 p.m., on Monday, June 6, 1910, for the work mentioned.

Plans, specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and on application to Mr. H. N. Lymburner, Supt. of Dominion Buildings, Post Office, Montreal. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, NAPOLEON TESSIER, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, May 21, 1910. Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Gratia Rex Imperator," and for the reverse the words and figures "50 cents Canada" changed according to the value, and the date of the year within a wreath of maple, surmounted by the imperial crown, with a graining upon the edge. The one cent coin will have the same obverse impression, but the reverse will show the words "one cent" within a beaded circle, surrounded by a wreath of entwined maple leaves.

Plans have been completed for the new St. Patrick's Church, Philadelphia. The corner-stone will come from Armagh, Ireland, and is a gift of His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. The stone will be hewn from the rock on St. Patrick's hill, where, tradition says, St. Patrick often preached and on which now stands St. Patrick's Cathedral at Armagh.



It is not a question of how much we are to do, but of how it is to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better.

Association des Etudiantes the Latest Incorporated Body of Women.

Ten years ago the genuine girl student in the Latin quarter was always a Russian or a Pole, and generally held by Parisian opinion to be either a lunatic or a nihilist...

mask by ironing in this way: After linen has been carefully washed, boiled and rinsed, wring dry as possible and roll up in a dry sheet and leave for one hour. Iron till thoroughly dry. The linen escapes the wear and tear of swinging on line and keeps its shape better.—Woman's Home Companion.

Just Be Glad.

Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't worry so! What we've missed of calm we couldn't have. You know! What we've missed of stormy pain, and of sorrow's driving rain, we can't meet again if it blow.

Some Helps to Travelling.

The ideal travelling bag contains few necessary toilet articles, all light and small. A silk or cretonne covered rubber bag with pockets holds a flat sponge or washcloth, soap and tooth brush.

This is the only sanitary way to carry these things. The rubber linings of the pockets should be wiped every few days to keep them clean.

The toilet water of some delicate perfume is refreshing when rubbed on the face and hands during a hot dusty ride.

About Washing Blankets.

The thrifty housewife will now be thinking of washing her blankets, and it is far cheaper to do so at home than to send them to the laundry.

Have plenty of soap jelly made of one-half pound of yellow soap and one-half pound of soft soap boiled in three pints of water. Prepare a tubful of hot soapsuds, using two parts hot to one of cold, and into this put soap jelly till stirring it raises a fine bubbling lather.

Put into a second tub of hot water with less soap, then the rinsing water, as this helps to keep lengthwise, and pass again through the wringer as smoothly as possible. Next take your nearly dry blankets outside, shake thoroughly, and hang up to dry in a windy, shady place, if possible.

the down will be lumpy. They must be taken down and shaken thoroughly, and often in the drying process, which fluffs up the down to its pristine condition.

Remedy for Hives.

Hives are usually due to a disordered stomach. In many cases it is easy to trace an attack to the ingestion of certain articles of diet, such as shell fish, pickles, strawberries, etc.

Sweet Fritters.

(Edwina B. Parker, in Western Watchman.)

CUSTARD FRITTERS.

Put one-half of a pint of milk into a double boiler, mix four tablespoonfuls of flour with one-half of a teaspoonful of sugar, add to the milk with the yolks of four eggs and a tablespoonful of the essence of almond, then spread on a buttered slab about one-half of an inch thick.

PEACH FRITTERS.

Cut the peaches in quarters, remove the skins, sprinkle with a little lemon juice and powdered sugar and put aside for an hour. Beat two eggs, add one-half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter and one-half a teaspoonful of milk.

PORTUGUESE FRITTERS.

Put a teaspoonful of rice into a double boiler with a pint of milk, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and the grated peel of a lemon. Cook three-quarters of an hour or until the rice has absorbed all moisture.

PRUNE AND BANANA FRITTERS.

Stew some large prunes until tender, but not over done, let them cool and remove the seed. Have ready some pieces of banana, place the banana very carefully in the cavity of the prune.

JAM FRITTERS.

Take small stale sponge cakes, cut them in halves, spread a thick layer of raspberry jam between them and press firmly together. Dip each cake in fritter batter and brown in boiling lard.

ORANGE FRITTERS.

Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with a well-beaten egg, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of melted butter, and one-half of a teaspoonful of cream. Peel four or five large sweet oranges and take away the white pith that divides them.

FRUIT FRITTERS.

Dissolve one-fourth of an yeast cake in a teaspoonful of lukewarm milk. Mix a pint of flour with one-half of a teaspoonful of sugar, add three well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of minced apples and one half a pound of currants, pour in the milk and stir thoroughly.

RICE FRITTERS.

Boil a teaspoonful of rice in a pint of milk, until the milk is all absorbed, then add two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of melted butter, one-half of a cupful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of stoned raisins, stir until the eggs are cooked, then remove from the stove, flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and put aside to cool.

Aunt Isabella's Waffle Recipe.

"Susan," I said to my sister one morning, when waffle after waffle, crisp, seductive, delicious, had melted away before our appetites...

"My dear," answered my wiser sister, "if you live long enough you may find out who was the man with the iron mask, who struck Billy Patterson, but Aunt Isabella's recipe for waffles you will never know until the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed."

I was a prime favorite with this important personage, on account of being named for "ole miss," and largely consequent, I must confess, upon my secret and frequent conveyance to her capacious apron pocket of portable property such as tobacco, spoons of thread and small coins.

"Laws, chile, nobody don't want no recet for waffles! All you 'got to do is to git yo' waffle, iron hot enough and den git yo' 'gredients together."

As it was the relation of these "gredients" to each other that I was bent on obtaining, I asked, in a tone of beseeching humility, "What first, Aunt Isabella?"

"You see, you jes' tek yo' flour!" "How much flour, Aunt Isabella?" I interjected.

"How much flour? Well jus' 'cordin' to de fambly. Wen we has company uv course I tek mo' dan w'en dey is jus' w'e all."

"You see, chile, I jus' puts my flour in my big yaller bowl, an' I knows right off by de looks wedder I's got 'nuff."

"Any baking powder, Aunt Isabella?" "Ef you has plenty o' aigs, I don't bodder wid no bakin' powder. Ef you hasn't plenty o' aigs I jus' take a pinch 'cordin' to de flour."

"How many eggs, Aunt Isabella?" "Chile, jus' 'cordin' to w'at you got. Ef I only has one aig I tek dat 'do. Ef I has two aigs I tek 'um. Sometimes I tek four aigs, an' I tek all four."

"How much milk, Aunt Isabella?" "Well, dere's generally jus' enough milk lef' from supper, an' I tek dat. Ef I see it ain't quite 'nuff I add a little water. An' ef it's too much I jus' pores out a little in a saucer 'o' de cat. I never w'es nuthin'!"

"How much butter, Aunt Isabella?" "Well, I jus' teks up de salt in my fingahs—so, dis-a-way. Soon as I tek 'um up I knows by de feel ef I got 'nuff."

"You wants 'nuff butter, chile, to mek yo' waffles tasty. Ef you has 'nuff butter you doesn't haf to grease yo' iron, excep' mebbe 'fo' de fus' waffle."

"I slowly wrote, 'Butter to taste' and my mind being somewhat befuddled by that time, I added the explanatory note, 'Let it be enough.'"

"Any lard, Aunt Isabella?" I ventured. "No, chile. Don't you got put no lard in yo' waffles! Nuthin' but po' wite trash ober puts lard in waffles! Don't you put nuthin' in but w'at I jus' done tole you. You go 'jus' exactly by dat, an' yo' waffles will be all right, I knows, 'cause I bip mekin' 'um all my life 'fo' dem w'at knows w'at good cookin' is."—Clara F. Bruns, in Good Housekeeping.

A Sermon Without Words.

A powerful sermon without words was preached on the "race problem" in the Cathedral of St. Paul, Minn., recently. It consisted of the unusual spectacle of a full-blooded negro acting as deacon of the Mass in which Archbishop Ireland was celebrant.



What is Worn in London

London, May 17, 1910.

Now that May is with us, the smart walking costume is more than ever to the fore, for it can be seen with all its merits, instead of having to suffer partial eclipse under the outer coverings of cloth and fur that the possible surprises of March and April generally demanded.

It is now that we learn to appreciate fully the tailor-made suit of silk, cachemire de soie or moire, which have quite a different cachet to their forerunners in cloth, ultra-smart though the latter may be.

I am therefore describing this week a charming model of a taffetas suit which I saw recently, and which I think will meet with the approval of my readers. The taffetas was a very attractive mixture, and black, a sombre as well as brilliant, and has the additional merit of being exceedingly becoming.

The skirt was of walking length and was pleated all round except as regarded the narrow front and back panels which were made of horizontal tucks. In the favorite "ladder" style. At each side the pleats were interrupted by the insertion of a single wide inverted pleat which was outlined in an oblong square by a band of narrow, horizontal tucks edged with narrow rat's tail braid, black in color.

The skirt opened at the side, always a better arrangement than the usual opening at the back, of which one is never quite sure that being out of one's sight, the Pure Cussedness of Inanimate Things will not cause it to play tricks and come unfastened at some critical moment.

The tucks under the neck, and the collar of the coat and reappearance of the short cape sleeves, which were cut out in angles and held together with cords and diamond-shaped buttons. A dainty little hanging tie of vivid violet gave a finishing touch to the neck, and the lining not reaching the edge but leaving an effective interval of violet straw, the trimming of the hat consisting of a clump of beautiful shaded violet ostrich feathers.

It cannot be denied that the general effect of such a costume as this is infinitely more "dressed," as the French say, than the ordinary tailor-made suit in cloth, while it has all its ease and freedom in the round walking skirt and semi-fitting coat. Of course, a great point in the effectiveness of these glorified variations of the tailor-made is having the bodice of the same material as the skirt, thus making a complete dress without the addition of the coat. Substitute a blouse of white lawn and lace for the bodice of this black and violet dress and it would lose its elegant distinction at once.

The white lace blouses are charming, and long may they preserve a foremost place in our affections; but, unless worn with a white skirt they always have something of a very "makeshift" air about them, and they cut the figure in two grievously, which is particularly a sin at present, when continuity of line is the main object in nearly all dress designs. It is true that a very excellent compromise is found in the "voilages," as they term in Paris the transparent chiffon overblouse in black or colors,

which are so greatly the rage as accompaniments to tailor-made suits always the color of the skirt, or of as it covers the white lace blouse and entirely up to the guimpe or Toby dity of contrast between skirt and blouse and brings the two into harmony. But the bodice of the same material as the skirt, is a notable feature of all the newest tailor-mades; even when made of cloth with another material introduced into the bodice, the cloth finds its place there too, and the bodice thus completes the costume and makes it far more useful as it can then be worn out of doors without the coat if desired—which certainly would not be done in town, if an ordinary white lace or lawn blouse were to take the place of the bodice to match.

I saw a charming model of one of these tailor-mades a few days ago, which illustrates my theme. The dress was in finest black cloth, the corselet skirt being cut in one with curved braces that passed over the shoulders to meet the corselet at the back, and were joined together back and front by a fanciful design which suggested a breastplate. The top of the corselet, the braces and these breast-plates were profusely braided, and were inset here and there with touches of emerald green velvet which gave a very rich effect, especially in conjunction with the under-bodice which was of black and white check taffetas veiled with black chiffon. The chiffon covered the whole of the taffetas bodice and greatly softened and improved its effect where it peeped out between the black cloth embroidered braces and breastplate. The coat to match was treated in the same way, the black cloth on the upper part being cut in a design to show the black taffetas underneath, veiled with black chiffon as in the bodice, the design in the cloth being also embroidered and inset with emerald green velvet. This coat not forget to mention that this coat was made without sleeves, which is a feature of the newest models, and a sensible one also, now that the summer is almost with us; for the struggle into the sleeves of a coat is always a trial and is usually disastrous to one's cuffs and frills now that such things are being worn again.

Funny Sayings.

POLITE IF AMBIGUOUS. "How are you, Mr. Myers, this inclement weather?" "Just managing to keep out of the undertaker's hands." "Oh, I am sorry to hear that!"—New Zealand Tablet.

GOOD MANAGEMENT.

"That widow is a good manager, isn't she?" "Manager? I should say so. She got the house of hers practically fixed up like new for nothing." "How did she manage it?" "She was engaged to the carpenter till all the woodwork was finished, and then she broke it off and married the plumber."

FORCE OF HABIT.

"Why did you break your engagement with that school-teacher?" asked the friend. "If I failed to show up at her house every evening, she expected me to bring a written excuse signed by my mother."

A PAINFUL PROCESS.

I was quite surprised one day, upon telling my little five-year-old girl, who was of a saving disposition, that I would put her pennies in the bank to have her educated, to find that she burst into violent weeping, and shouted, "I won't be educated, it hurts." "Hurts?" I queried. "What do you mean?" "I know," she sobbed, "they take a knife and scrape your arm and it swells up. I won't take my money to be educated."

MARK'S LITTLE DATE.

Teacher—Now, Willie, tell us one of the principal events in Roman history, and mention the date. Willie—Mark Antony went to Egypt 'cos he had a date with Cleopatra. Harper's Bazar.

Advertisement for 'The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle' featuring various notices, legal notices, and local business listings such as 'M. J. Morrison', 'Kavanagh, L. Advocates', 'D. H. Welch', and 'Bleury Street'.



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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1866; incorporated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Vev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Birmingham; Recording Secretary, Mr. P. T. Tansey; Asst. Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. P. Lloyd, Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Connolly.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
AN EVEN numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or say male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Mr. Myers, this is to keep up of hands." "I want to hear that!" "Let."

MANAGEMENT.
"Is a good manager, should say so. She of hers practically for nothing?" "Manage it?"

PROCESS.
"ried one day, tried five-year-old, a saving deposit, put her pennies to her educated, to her into violent."

DATE.
"tell us one in the Roman date." "I went to Egypt with Cleopatra."

SELF RAISING FLOUR
Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour
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A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.
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Let the children drink all they want. Healthful, nutritious, delightful.
Absolutely pure. That rich chocolate flavor.
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Neglected Opportunities

A Dream
(By Austin Oates, K. S. G., in Rosary Magazine.)

I. IS THIS DEATH?
The last thing I seemed to remember was Father — pressing the crucifix to my quivering lips. Every body and everything around me was blurred and shadowy. I knew my mother was in the room and by my side, for her feverish hand glowed within the damp and chilly coldness of mine. There was a feeling of stiffness and numbness creeping over my limbs and body, and a heaviness over the eyelids, and at long and painful intervals heavily drawn and labored breathings came from the chest. I just remember the beginning of the last—it seemed to break off in a fit of faintness, for all then became very dark and very still.

II. WHITHER?
Up—up—up! I seemed to be soaring through clouds of wondrous brilliancy, dazzling in their radiance. All was hazy, vaporous, and dark beneath. On either side of me was an angel, with wings expanded, clothed in soft, white, trailing robes, with golden bands encircling their brows. Their hands, outstretched, seemed more to be guiding my body than supporting it. I scanned with awe and furtive glance their bright, pure faces. That of the one on my left wore a stern, cold, impassive air, while that of the one on my right, whose presence I felt to be closer than that of the angel on my left, bore a sad and anxious expression. My lips sought to give utterance to what was agitating my mind—Whither were they taking me? but they seemed sealed. Again I glanced at those mystic countenances and through my eyes I sought to ask what my lips refused to do. The angel on my left gave no sign; his visage remained inscrutable. The one on my right raised a finger to his lips and gravely, nay, sadly, inclined his head onwards.

Yet there was solace in the glorious, radiant light through which we floated; solace in the darkness beneath, fast fading from our sight. Surely we were leaving all sorrow and suffering behind. I wondered, wondered in a half-dreamy, dazed condition, where purgatory could be. It could not be very close, for the air was balmy and buoyant, and the temperature was mild and soft. Yet, that sad, pensive expression on the face of the angel on my right was a disturbing factor in this restful reverie of mine, nor was there any consolation to be derived from the impassive features of the one on my left. There was no doubt that I was in good, if somewhat sad, company. Somehow their faces did not lead me to think that they shared this feeling.

III. A CHANGE OF SCENE.
Imperceptibly we glided from these clouds of dazzling brilliancy into those of vivid violet, at first lustrous and luminous, but momentarily closing in upon us and shutting out the glorious sunshine. They grew in intensity and depth as if the heavens were veiled for Lent. Suddenly we ceased to move. Two angels barred the way to what appeared to be a rift in the purple pall enshrouding us. There came through its vaporous mists occasional gleams of deep yellow light—not a gladsome light, but a dim, awe-inspiring light. Again my eyes sought those of my celestial guides. The one on my left was conversing with the other, but barring our further progress. The one on my right was still close to me, and even now pensive, gazing at me from time to time with sad and concerned mien. But there was something soft and sympathizing in those bright, gentle eyes as they left mine to gaze into the rift in the clouds before us.

IV. BEFORE ST. PETER.
The rift suddenly grew larger; the clouds parted and lifted. We moved slowly forward into regions of darker, duller hue, of color deep violet, with yellow rays of light gleaming on us from above. Seated immediately before me was St. Peter, clothed in robes of white and violet. His visage was solemn almost to sternness. At his feet sat two angels supporting a ponderous volume, closed and clasped. On its cover, in letters clear and bold, I read my name. On St. Peter's right was a pair of wondrous scales; one of dazzling gold, the other of dulled lead. Their balance was even and equal. Near them stood an angel arrayed in white, a blood-red sash across his breast. Before him with in easy reach, lay in two heaps apart, weights of gold and weights of lead. To the left sat two more angels, one with an open volume richly gilt, with pages of immaculate whiteness; the other also held a volume, but its cover was of black, and its yet unwritten pages were of a gruesome yellow tint.

V. PICTURES OF THE PAST—DAWN.
The great, ponderous book before me was slowly unclasped, and on its contents my eyes were instinctively and instantly riveted. Then flashed before me with a vividness and distinctness of actual life pictures of my first kiss, as she lies pale and weak in bed, with strength scarce sufficient to make the sign of the cross on the puckered little forehead, and to beck a white and blue ribbon with Our Lady's medal attached. . . . There is the creamy whiteness trimmed with silken ribbons of skyblue hue, with neck and chest bared, he is seen held over the baptismal font to be made a child of Holy Church. . . . Something was dropped into the scales. The one of lead rose slowly, as that of gold sank gently. The angel of the book with spotless leaves was writing. . . . The infant has become the child in the following picture. He kneels beside his mother's knee, his tiny hands clasped together, held in hers, and his little rosy lips are prettily making him a prayer that God may dear daddy and mamma. . . . Again something is dropped into the scales and the golden one sinks gently lower. . . . Again they are together. He is seated on her lap, his curly head nestled to her breast; she is gazing wistfully into a book of many pictures and he listens with wondering face to the story of Bethlehem. . . . Again in church, beside the confessional, his little loving, innocent heart full of sorrow for childhood's waywardness, aglow with hope and confidence in the sweet and gentle mercy and compassion of his Saviour. His mother kneels behind him, her eyes bathed in tears, with soul and heart united in beseeching the Divine Redeemer to watch over and guide that boy of hers through life's perilous journey. . . . Again the golden scale sinks as the child leaves the confessional, and the angel of the book with spotless leaves is busy writing.

VII. GATHERING OF THE CLOUDS.
Launched on life's way now. Aye, such a way! Through other eyes now, from other standpoints, do I view those scenes once so bright and fascinating and alluring. Every picture reveals neglect of God in homage and service to Himself, in duty to myself, to my neighbor. All is self—self—self! My service to Him? A Mass begrudged on Sundays, assisted at more for the sake of appearances than for aught else. Those morning and night prayers learned and liped at my mother's knee no longer found a place in my heart, never passed my lips. My college confraternities? Memories of an all-absorbing love of and indulgence in pleasures, selfish, sordid, and oftentimes vicious. My duty to myself? To stand well with the world and in the world. Work? Yes, for it brought money, and money pleasure. My duty to my neighbor? To make use of him if wealthy and keen on pleasure, to leave him alone if he was not. Pleasures! What mockeries!

VIII. A RAY OF SUNSHINE.
Will they never cease? Is there no bright spot to relieve those maddening, torturing pictures of the past? Eh, here comes one—all bright and light. What does it reveal? A deathbed. A sister's. Yes, I remember. Her life was one long agony, borne with sweet patience and ever smiling face. It is over now. She lies there at rest with the rosary I gave her clasped in those thin, cold fingers that so often told those beads for me. I am at her bedside, sobbing as I never sobbed before and never since. Her loving prayer has at length been heard, though not on earth does she hear those promises of mine. Promises made! Kept? As the flowers on her grave faded and withered away, so did those promises fade and wither away.

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The great, ponderous book before me was slowly unclasped, and on its contents my eyes were instinctively and instantly riveted. Then flashed before me with a vividness and distinctness of actual life pictures of my first kiss, as she lies pale and weak in bed, with strength scarce sufficient to make the sign of the cross on the puckered little forehead, and to beck a white and blue ribbon with Our Lady's medal attached. . . . There is the creamy whiteness trimmed with silken ribbons of skyblue hue, with neck and chest bared, he is seen held over the baptismal font to be made a child of Holy Church. . . . Something was dropped into the scales. The one of lead rose slowly, as that of gold sank gently. The angel of the book with spotless leaves was writing. . . . The infant has become the child in the following picture. He kneels beside his mother's knee, his tiny hands clasped together, held in hers, and his little rosy lips are prettily making him a prayer that God may dear daddy and mamma. . . . Again something is dropped into the scales and the golden one sinks gently lower. . . . Again they are together. He is seated on her lap, his curly head nestled to her breast; she is gazing wistfully into a book of many pictures and he listens with wondering face to the story of Bethlehem. . . . Again in church, beside the confessional, his little loving, innocent heart full of sorrow for childhood's waywardness, aglow with hope and confidence in the sweet and gentle mercy and compassion of his Saviour. His mother kneels behind him, her eyes bathed in tears, with soul and heart united in beseeching the Divine Redeemer to watch over and guide that boy of hers through life's perilous journey. . . . Again the golden scale sinks as the child leaves the confessional, and the angel of the book with spotless leaves is busy writing.

IX. LEADEN SKIES.

Oh, I know, you don't know him. He was the door-keeper at my church, collector for the Crusade of Children fund, a member of the Holy Family, besides being one of the best workers I had in the Boys' Club. Well, poor fellow, he has gone. God rest his soul! Every spare moment he gave really to God in one good work or another. His steady, steadfast observance of his self-imposed duties was praiseworthy in the extreme and productive of good that few can realize. A truer, more generous-hearted Catholic never breathed.

"So Tim Cochrane found time to give you practically all his Sunday mornings and evenings; also to cover a collecting district; also to attend the Holy Family once a week; also to give a hand in the management of your Boys' Club? Who is going to take his place? You'll miss him, I should think."

X. A RIFT IN THE STORM.
But one more picture remains. It shows me on my bed of sickness, racked with bodily pain, distraught with mental anguish. There's light at last. Oh, God be thanked! It pierces that fearsome darkness, it comes from the crucifix held to my lips by Father. It falls upon my mother, as, with head bowed down, fervent, sobbing prayers leave her lips that God may yet be merciful.

XI. THE STORM.
The book is closed. Those scales, how hang they! No need to look. A yell of fiendish gloe bursts in upon the solemn silence. That hideous, cadaverous face breaks through the vaporous mists, with long, bony arms outstretched towards me, and in a voice of thunder hurls forth: "He's mine! he's mine! Look! Look! The scale doth give him to me." All turned, he gave him to me. All eyes turned from me gave those of the monster as he advances unchecked to clutch me. Back, back I reel. I sink, and sinking, feel the firm, strong grip of the angel by my side, and then—

XII. AWAKENING.
"Come in. What is that you, Father —? It is but seldom you favor me with a visit. Pray sit down."

That Speech in the Sorbonne.
Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, has his view concerning Teddy Roosevelt's visit to France and his speech in the Sorbonne. We say the good priest-editor "has his view," but it is one we like. He deals with the Mighty Hunter of America (and Zululand) as follows:

"Our Teddy is incorrigible. The man the Pope cannot reform is beyond reclamation. That was a piping hot speech he made to the French over in Paris. We are glad it was spoken. Every word of it was true, and every sentiment was driven home. France was told that she was murdering her innocents. She was charged with a tyrannical contempt of the rights of the minority. She was held up to scorn for her persecution of religious opinion and her intolerance of religious opinion. The present Republic had her guilty conscience ruthlessly examined for her. But was it becoming? Was it polite? Was it good manners? A guest is not expected to lecture his generous entertainers. He is expected to say and do only pleasant things. If he has not a good opinion of his host he should not accept an invitation to his hospitality. If he has a good opinion he should voice it and stop at that. But Teddy saw many little round heads before him and he could not resist the temptation to hit them. His "policies" he had left behind in the care of Mr. Taft; but his theories of government and his principles of political economy he took with him. He saw a splendid opportunity to exploit the latter in his speech at Sorbonne and he let go with both barrels. It was great, but it was not etiquette. Teddy has some ideas on religion, but the world can now burst in ignorance of them, since the Pope refused that audience. The aborted eruption will be for him the sorrow, not of a day but of a lifetime.

The King of England has graciously come to visit you to-day, dear Sisters. I know you will pray for him and all his family."

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AT WORK IN 3 WEEKS

\$4 Worth of Father Morrissy's "No. 7" Cured Her of Inflammatory Rheumatism.

Mrs. Agnes Edgar, of Grand Falls, N.B., had a terrible time with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Anyone who has had this most painful disease will understand her suffering—and her joy when she found Father Morrissy's "No. 7" had cured her. She says:

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Rheumatism comes from bad kidneys. The poisonous Uric Acid which they should remove stays in the blood, accumulates in joints and muscles, and causes agony. Father Morrissy's "No. 7" puts the kidneys right, removes the Uric Acid from the blood and the whole system, and cures the Rheumatism. For a box at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissy Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

with the Kaiser's political enemies? That is what a hundred secret agents of the imperial court are trying to find out. But Teddy will not permit any restrictions to be placed on his conduct in Berlin or Rome. He is the infant terrible of the world; will William make him subside as did Pius? When on one occasion the King of England had Sheridan with him at table he expected the Irishman to entertain the company with his matchless wit and wonderful repartee. Sheridan was glum and refused to be drawn out; whereupon the King slapped him in the face. Not in the least ruffled the Irishman slapped his next neighbor, in like manner, and told him to "pass it on; His Majesty sent it."

King Edward's Visit to French Nuns
Last week it was noted that a fortnight before his death King Edward was a visitor at Lourdes, where his respectful attitude made a very favorable impression upon the pilgrims assembled there. During the same sojourn in the South of France, the late monarch of England visited the Monastery of Notre Dame at Anjout. His Majesty was most anxious to know all the details of the community life, and was extremely kind and gracious in his manner. The superiors showed the King the chapel and the workrooms where embroidery is so skillfully executed by the nuns and interested the royal visitor by exhibiting various articles in fur made by the Sisters after directions given to them by the late Queen Victoria. Her Majesty then remarked the fine white rabbits of which the community possessed such a large number, and she inquired what was done with the fur of these animals. Mother Isabelle said it was sold as a thing of little value, whereupon the Queen herself inquired how the full instructions as to how the fur could be converted into useful articles suitable for wear. Since then the nuns, by following these directions, have been most successful in manufacturing ties and stoles out of the fur of the rabbits.

At the conclusion of his visit to the Monastery of Notre Dame his Majesty walked across to the convent of the Bernardines. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to this convent she arrived as the nuns were going to Vespers. She assisted at the office, and was so impressed by the chanting of the Litany that she asked the Sisters to send her a copy of the music. She then visited the chapel known as "La Chapelle de Faillie," and prayed there also. A tablet recalls this fact, and it also states that the chapel has been likewise visited by the Emperor Napoleon III., the Empress Eugenie, the Infanta of Spain and Queen Natalie of Servia.

The Sisters of the Bernardine community were presented to the King. Canon Etchebarne explained to his Majesty the rule they follow, and that they observed a perpetual silence. At the conclusion of the royal visit the canon addressed the nuns as follows: "The King of England has graciously come to visit you to-day, dear Sisters. I know you will pray for him and all his family."

The Bernardines then knelt down and kissed the ground, a custom of the order when the members leave the presence of a superior. This act of humility touched King Edward visibly, and many of his suite were also deeply moved and impressed.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

Local and Diocesan News.

LOCAL CALENDAR— Fri. May 27. St. Bede. Sat. " 28. St. Augustine of Canterbury. Sun. " 29. St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi. Mon. " 30. St. Felix. Tues. " 31. St. Angela of Merici. Wed. June 1. St. Pamphilius. Thurs. " 2. SS. Marcellinus and Peter.

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.— Friday, May 27, Notre Dame des Victoires; Sunday, May 24, St. Agnes; Tuesday, May 31, St. Theodora; Thursday, June 2, St. Catherine.

TE DEUM IN HONOR OF ACCESSION OF GEORGE V.—After High Mass on Sunday the Te Deum was chanted in honor of the accession of George V. to the throne, by order of His Grace the Archbishop.

MASS ON FLETCHER'S FIELD.—Perhaps the most imposing ceremony of the coming Eucharistic Congress will be the open air Mass on Fletcher's field. The different choirs of the city will join forces and upwards of two thousand voices will render Dumont's Mass, under the leadership of Prof. Couture. This was decided upon at a meeting presided over by His Grace on Saturday last.

NEXT SUNDAY'S PROCESSION.—A solemn procession in honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament will take place on Sunday next, May 29th, around the grounds of St. Patrick's Church. Benediction will be imparted from the Repository erected in the garden of the Sacred Heart Academy, Alexander street.

REV. FATHER McSHANE ON THE POET OF THE HABITANT.—On the invitation of St. Mary's Court, Catholic Foresters, Rev. Father McShane delivered a lecture on Monday evening, to the members, who turned out in large numbers to extend a welcome to the Rev. Pastor of St. Patrick's.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.—When Father Holland called at the Ogdensburg Coal and Towing Company's office to find out how much the balance was on their books against the Home for coal supplied during the last three years, he was told that the amount was something over two hundred dollars. This was a surprise, sure enough, but a still greater one awaited him when a few moments later Mr. J. P. Kavanaugh, the manager, told him that he didn't owe a cent, and that anyway priest's money in general was unlucky and that Father Holland's in particular was bad. Father Holland pocketed the insult with equanimity, as also the hundred that he was ready to pay on account, so that the largest donation that the institution has ever received is herein recorded. Besides this, Miss McMillan, of the Zan Charm Club, handed in a cheque for seventy-five dollars, the proceeds of a euchre held recently in Stanley Hall. The good Indians of Indian Island, Maine, to whom the Father gave a mission last month, presented him with a collection of eighteen dollars and a lot of fancy baskets of their handiwork. Other donations were from John Lamont, ten dollars in gratitude to St. Joseph for a favor, Mrs. Thos. O'Connell, Mrs. Craven, and another friend in the city and Mrs. Redmond, Sherbrooke, five dollars each, Mr. Ogden, of the C.P.R., eight dollars. Rev. Father Fitz-Henry, Miss McCormick, of the city, Mrs. Ed. Duffy, Sherbrooke, Mr. E. J. O'Brien of Sutton, P.Q., and Mrs. McCarthy, Cripple Creek, Colorado, two dollars each. Mrs. J. Gallagher and Mrs. Guilfoyle, city, one dollar each. A handsome meerschaum pipe, presented by the factory hands of Great Works, Oldtown, Me., the scene of Father Holland's last mission, is being disposed of at so much a chance by John Tucker and his ever willing friends for the benefit of the Home.

All of these good people, together with benefactors in the past, are especially remembered at the daily Holy Sacrifice, and a special Mass will be offered up for them during the course of next week. Thanks cannot be more practically expressed. May God bless them!

The Board of Erin and Home Rule.

The old gospel of Irish nationality for which all the leaders of Ireland fought since Ireland was first invaded by the foreigner, stands out to-day as fresh as at any period in her history. "Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son," it has stood and will stand unchanged and unchangeable until its final triumph. Home Rule for Ireland, then, is the great question of questions before which all others must sink into insignificance. But let it be well understood that not merely in view of material prosperity is it the great question for Ireland and Irishmen, but for the honor of the Irish race and name. There is a deep national struggle associated with the Irish struggle, as well as the material side, and were it not for that fact the exiles of Ireland who have made up comfortable homes in foreign lands would not be found so ready and willing to aid their people at home in their fight for freedom.

That Ireland has not been forgotten by the Irish of this city was clearly demonstrated a short time ago, when a very representative sum was forwarded to the national war-chest, and to-day the Board of Erin, comprising a great percentage of the Irish who have recently landed on the banks of the St. Lawrence have inaugurated a massive eucbre and social on the 27th inst., the proceeds of which will be forwarded to headquarters. With the Board of Erin here devotion to the cause of the land from which their fathers sprung, and for which so many of them suffered and died is an instinct, an inspiration, a passion, a religion. Their belief in the ultimate triumph of their country sanctified, as it has been in the past, is something akin to their belief in God. They know how their race has miraculously survived persecution, misery and bloodshed, such as has fallen to the lot of no other race in the world's history. They believe that their race has been miraculously preserved for great and holy ends, to keep aloft the banner of ideals of high religious, moral, social and political ideas. They look back to their past history with sorrow and pain and their hearts throb when they think of perhaps their comrades and friends who have fallen by the roadside and have not lived to see the triumph of their country's cause. They think of the men who died on the scaffold or suffered in the prison cell, and who at this moment are making sacrifices for Ireland and falling by the roadside. They thank God to-day that through the wise guidance of the present party Ireland's battles are practically fought and won. But if they are fighting and winning battles on the other side of the ocean, they do this through unity alone, and it is the hope of every true Irishman in this city that all the great Irish forces here become as one and speak and act on behalf of their own interests, not in divided tones, but with one great voice. Other nationalities here are combining to guard their interests. Irishmen, be up and doing! Begin now!

Geo. Donohoe, Co. Secretary.

Correspondence.

"JEWS FLOCKING IN."

To the Editor of True Witness: Sir,—Under the above heading the Gazette of the 20th inst. published an item stating that the Jews of this city now number 31,000, and that they were looking for representation in the Council and Legislature. How our old friend the Gazette managed to arrive at the number of Jews in Montreal I cannot understand. Mr. W. D. Lighthall, a few nights ago, put the number at 40,000, and said that about one-third of the children attending the Protestant schools were Jews. One of our daily papers published an interview had with the Chief of Police, in which the number was placed at 50,000, to prove they (the Jews) should have some of their number on the police force. How these statistics were obtained I do not see. The Gazette states there are about 15,000 in St. Louis ward, also 8000 in St. Lawrence; that about one in five should be voters. According to that showing they should have 3000 votes in St. Louis and 1600 in St. Lawrence. At the municipal elections of 1908, the Jews in St. Louis ward put a candidate in nomination (Mr. Bloomfield), and the result showed that he received 345 votes. It must be presumed that he received the Jewish vote, if not, where is the use of their looking for representation in the Council, if they do not vote for the candidate they put in the field? At the last election in February Mr. Blumenthal was a candidate in St. Lawrence ward, and he polled 369 votes, which is supposed to represent the full strength of the Jewish vote in that ward. At that time the ward contained 9647 voters. The vote polled by Mr. Blumenthal shows that about one-tenth of the voters are Jewish. That rule applied to St. Louis that rule applied to St. Louis. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you will imagine that I should have written this letter to one of the daily papers. I would have done so, but it is so hard to get any of them to take back water once they make a statement, or take a stand on any question. If the letter is published at all, it will only be when the matter in dispute has been almost entirely forgotten by their readers.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, you will find space for the above in your valuable paper, and that it may be the means of placing the facts before an intelligent public for their consideration. I remain, A READER.

DON'T DRUG CHILDREN.

When you give your child a so-called "soothing" medicine you are not curing his sickness. You are merely drugging it into temporary insensibility. The so-called soothing medicines contain opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. When you give little ones Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is safe. And you have the word of thousands of grateful mothers that this medicine will promptly cure all minor ailments of childhood. Mrs. Alphonse Roy, Scott Junction, Que., says: "My little one was weak and sickly and used to cry day and night, but since giving him Baby's Own Tablets he has thrived splendidly, and is as good-natured and happy as I could wish." Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Important Decree Issued

The Archbishops and Bishops of the United States have just received a copy of a decree of the Consistorial Congregation, of which Pope Pius X. is prefect and Cardinal, Cajetan de Lai is secretary, relative to future proceedings in the matter of submitting to Rome the names of priests as candidates for vacant bishoprics or new dioceses. While the decree specifies that secrecy must be maintained in the matter of recommendations for promotion to the episcopate, it is understood that the intent of the document is to prevent discussion in the public press of any official transaction between members of the American hierarchy and the Vatican. It is declared that the decree was drawn up with the approval "of all the bishops of America." The following is a verbatim translation of important sections of the decree: "The true nature of ecclesiastical discipline requires that the names of those who are proposed to the Holy See for bishoprics in the United States of North America by the councils of the clergy, according to the laws enforced there, should be kept entirely secret. This is demanded by the decorum of the ecclesiastical election and the importance of the matter by reverence for the supreme judgment of the Roman Pontiff, and in justice to the candidates themselves; for when, as frequently happens, their names become known, by this very fact they are subjected to a discussion which, according to the varying opinions of men and newspapers, is sometimes fair but more often unjust and unfair. Hence it happens that many most excellent men strive by all means in their power to prevent their names from being included in the lists of candidates, not only on account of a most just fear of such an important office, but also as not to become a subject of public talk and to incur abuse of various kinds." The decree then sets forth that the Pope, after having heard and weighed the wishes of the American clergy, approved of the following order of the Consistorial Congregation: 1. When the consultors and parish priests who have the right for voting for the first proposal of candidates, commonly called theterna, meet together at the beginning of the session all and single of them shall take an oath before the presiding bishop to observe secrecy concerning the names which come under discussion and concerning those which are approved by a majority of the votes to be submitted to the judgment of the bishops. 2. If any consultor violate the oath, which may God forbid, in addition to the other penalties to which he may become subject, he is at once to be removed from the office of consultor; if a parish priest, the penalty shall be perpetual deprivation of the right to vote. 3. The bishops are obliged to the same secrecy under grave sin; and at the beginning of the session concern with the scrutiny of the candidates, the presidents shall suitably admonish them of this obligation. 4. To the same secrecy are bound all officers of the Apostolic Delegation according to the oath customarily taken by them; and those also to whom the Apostolic Delegate may address himself to obtain suitable information concerning the candidates.

Shocking Sacrilege.

The London Morning Leader says: A remarkable case of sacrilege and wanton destruction in a church occurred at the Catholic Church at Wolverhampton, Bucks, yesterday. Between ten o'clock in the morning and one o'clock, according to custom, the building was left open for private prayer. Just after one o'clock two young women entered and found the inside completely wrecked. The rector of the church, Father O'Sullivan, was apprised and on examination the whole of the valuable altar cloths were found to be cut to shreds, the crucifix on the high altar was thrown into the stove, and all the statues and candles on the altars were broken, including a magnificent statue of St. Joseph. The carpets in the sanctuary were cut all over, and the cushions in the pews were slashed, while a candle had been placed in each one ready for lighting. In fact, appearances suggested that everything had been put in readiness to fire the building.

Bishop Paret Denies Story.

The following despatch from Baltimore appeared in the N.Y. Times: Bishop Coadjutor John Gardiner Murray of Maryland, received to-day the first official communication from Bishop Paret in regard to the recent alleged Vatican episode. A cablegram from the Bishop, dated Florence, Italy, read: False report. No refusal. No discourtesy. Cardinal Gibbons received a similar cablegram. The cablegrams are dated May 16 and it is thought that their despatch followed the first news received by Bishop Paret of the story circulated in America of the Pope's refusal to grant him an audience. Cardinal Gibbons, who gave Bishop Paret several letters of introduction, including one to Cardinal Merry del Val and another to the Rector of the American College in Rome, has all along declined to discuss the matter personally, although a member of his household expressed the opinion that there must have been some mistake about the despatch stating that an audience with the Pope had been refused to Bishop Paret.

Dies at 119 Years.

With the death of "Paddy" Blake, in Clare, there has passed away the oldest man in Ireland, at the ripe age of 119, says a special despatch to the N.Y. Herald. "Paddy" was twice married, and worked as a farm laborer all his life, without ever having gone beyond the boundaries of his native county. All through his life he is said to have been a hearty eater, and to the last he smoked the strongest tobacco. "Paddy's" grandfather, who was one of the defenders of Limerick city during the siege of 1691, died, it is said, at the age of 120.

The Quest of May.

Where wanders April, My Lady April, With feet of fleetness And small hands white— The blush of morning, Her cheeks adorning, Her eyes twin stars and Her hair sunlight?

At dawn she lay in yon ferny hollow— The green moss pillowed her drowsy head, The white narcissi kept watch about her And apple blossoms made soft her bed.

She loved her face in the running water, Her feet of fleetness, her small hands white, She twined her hair with the red wind-flowers, And sped away in the morning light.

Her laughter rang with the woodland's music, But clearer, sweeter, the woods will tell, And far away as the south wind sighing, Her voice went echoing through the dell.

What sang my fair one, My Lady April, With lips of laughter And voice of song— Oh! winds a-blowing, Green grass a-growing, What sang my fair As she sped along?

She filled her hands with the wild wood violets— (So faintly fragrant as joys long dead), She laid them close to her warm white bosom, "For memory's sake, Blue Eyes," she said.

And bending over the yellow jonquils, She kissed them fondly, then cast them wide— "For dreams are often and dreams are golden, But few there are in the world," she sighed.

"Now, Hope will find ye, and Love may bind ye, But Age shall know ye for mine," she said— The gold dream-flowers from Spring's own bowers, In Tir na nOge," then away she fled.

Oh! lost my April, Nor found my April, White flower of Beauty Light breath of song, Up! Joy and Laughter, Swift follow after— Some where she tarries, Time's road along. LOTTIE M. MORGAN. Montreal, May 2, 1910.

WHEREAS, in and by the 1st part of Chapter 79, of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, and known as "The Companies Act," it is amongst other things in effect enacted, that the Secretary of State may, by letters patent, under his Seal of Office, grant a charter to any number of persons, not less than five, who having complied with the requirements of the Act, apply therefor, constituting such persons, and others who thereafter become shareholders in the Company thereby created, a Body Corporate and Politic for any of the purposes or objects to which the Legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada extends, except the construction and working of Railways or of Telegraph or Telephone lines, or the business of Banking and the issue of paper money, or the business of Insurance, or the business of a Loan Company, upon the applicants therefor establishing to the satisfaction of the Secretary of State due compliance with the several conditions and terms in and by the said Act set forth and thereby made conditions precedent to the granting of such charter; And whereas George Plunkett Magann, of the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, contractor; John Francis Cahill, journalist; Henry Judah Trihey, advocate; and Michael Thomas Burke, law student, all of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, and William Patrick Kearney, of the Town of Westmount, in the said Province of Quebec, advocate, have made application for a charter under the said Act, constituting them and such others as may become shareholders in the Company thereby created, a Body Corporate and Politic, under the name of "Tribune Press, Limited," for the purposes hereinafter mentioned, and have satisfactorily established the sufficiency of all proceedings required by the said Act to be taken, and the truth and sufficiency of all facts required to be established previous to granting of such Letters Patent, and have filed in the Department of the Secretary of State a duplicate of the Memorandum of Agreement executed by the said applicants in conformity with the provisions of the said Act.

Now know ye, that I, the said Charles Murphy, Secretary of State of Canada, under the authority of the hereinbefore in part recited Act, do by these Letters Patent, constitute the said George Plunkett Magann, John Francis Cahill, Henry Judah Trihey, Michael Thomas Burke and William Patrick Kearney, and all others who may become shareholders in the said Company, a Body Corporate and Politic, by the name of "Tribune Press, Limited," with all rights and powers given by the said Act and for the following purposes and objects, namely: A. To engage in a general printing and publishing business, including the business of embossing, lithographing, engraving, book-binding, electrotyping, stereotyping, photo-engraving, manufacturing and dealing in paper boxes and stationery, and the printing, publishing, circulation and dealing in newspapers, books and publications of all kinds; B. To manufacture and deal in paper, machinery and other articles necessary or useful in carrying out the objects of the Company; C. To carry out the business of general traders in and manufacturers of goods, chattels, and merchandise, and supplies which can to advantage be dealt in by the Company in connection with the above business; and to purchase or otherwise acquire, sell, use, lease or otherwise dispose of buildings, plant and machinery necessary or incidental to the business carried on by the Company; D. To acquire, hold, lease, sell, exchange or otherwise dispose of shares, stock, deposits or securities in any corporation carrying on business with objects similar to those of this Company or carrying on any business capable of being conducted so as to directly or indirectly benefit this Company notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of the said Act; E. To invest or use the moneys or assets of the Company in such securities and in such manner as may from time to time be determined, including the purchase of stock in any other corporation; F. To sell, lease, exchange or otherwise dispose of in whole or in part the property or undertaking of the Company for such consideration as may be agreed on and in particular for shares, debentures or securities in any other Company; G. To amalgamate with any other Company having objects in whole or in part similar to those of this Company; H. To do all acts and exercise all powers and carry on all business incidental to the carrying out of the objects for which the Company is incorporated and germane to these objects; I. To purchase or otherwise acquire and take over the undertakings, properties, assets and liabilities, or in the alternative the capital stock of the True Witness Printing and Publishing Company, Limited, and to pay therefor wholly or partly in cash or wholly or partly in paid up shares, bonds, debentures or other securities of the Company. The operations of the Company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere. The place within the Dominion of Canada which is to be the chief place of business of the said Company is the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec. The Capital Stock of the said Company shall be fifty thousand dollars, divided into five hundred shares of one hundred dollars each, subject to the increase of such Capital Stock under the provisions of the said Act. That the said George Plunkett Magann, John Francis Cahill and Henry Judah Trihey are to be the first Provisional Directors of the said Company. Provided always that nothing in these Presents expressed or contained shall be taken to authorize the construction and working of Railways

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St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Lévis, Québec, Montagny, Rivière du Loup, Rimouski and St. Flaric. For above-named Stations and for Little Metis, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney. NICOLET EXPRESS 4 p.m. Except Sun. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and intermediate stations. All Sleeping, Dining and Passenger Cars leaving Montreal are supplied with purest spring water from the celebrated Sagouin Mountain Springs situated near Campbellton, N.B. CITY TICKET OFFICE: 130 St. James Street, Tel. Bell M. 618. H. A. PRICE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. GEO. STRUBBE, City Ticket Agt.

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MENEELY BELL COMPANY 22, 24 & 26 RIVER ST., 177 BROADWAY, TROY, N.Y., NEW YORK. Manufacture Superior CHIMNEY, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS. Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. Montreal Bell Foundry Co., Montreal, P.Q., C.A.

NOTICE Superior Court, Montreal. Dame Alexina Laurencelle, of Outremont, wife of Béla Barthos, furrier, of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband. Montreal, March 17th, 1910. GEO. E. MATHIEU, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 816 LaGauchetière street west, Montreal, Can., by G. Plunkett Magann.

Oshawa Fireproof Building Materials PEDLAR People of Oshawa Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver. You can gain buying from us everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Exteriors and Interiors. Free Catalogue for the asking. Given under my hand and seal of office, at Ottawa, this ninth day of May, 1910. CHAS. MURPHY, Secretary of State. TRIHEY, BERGOVITCH & KEARNEY, Attorneys for applicants.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY COLONIST EXCURSIONS ONE WAY SECOND-CLASS COLONIST TICKETS to Western Canada, United States on sale until April 15th, 1910, at greatly reduced fares. Homeseekers' Excursions HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS to Western Canada via Chicago, on sale Tuesday, April 5th, and every second Tuesday thereafter until September 20th, at very low fares. Western Canada The Finest Farming Country in the World is to be found along the line of the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY in the Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. Descriptive literature with beautifully engraved maps, and giving full information about Free Homesteads and how to obtain them free, can be had at any G.T.R. Ticket Office. CITY TICKET OFFICES, 130 St. James St. Phone Main 6905, 6906 6907, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOMESEEEKERS' EXCURSIONS Manitoba, Saskatchewan & Alberta April 5, 1910 May 3, 17, 31 June 14, 28 July 12, 26 August, 9, 23 Sept. 6, 20, 1910 TICKETS GOODS FOR 60 DAYS City Ticket Office 130 St. James Street, near Post Office. Telephone: Main 3732-3733, or Place Viger and Windsor Street Stations.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT TRAIN SERVICE EXPRESS 7 40 a.m. Except Sunday St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Lévis, Québec, Nicolet and intermediate stations. MARITIME EXPRESS 12 noon Daily St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Lévis, Québec, Montagny, Rivière du Loup, Rimouski and St. Flaric. 12 noon Except Saturday For above-named Stations and for Little Metis, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney. NICOLET EXPRESS 4 p.m. Except Sun. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and intermediate stations. All Sleeping, Dining and Passenger Cars leaving Montreal are supplied with purest spring water from the celebrated Sagouin Mountain Springs situated near Campbellton, N.B. CITY TICKET OFFICE: 130 St. James Street, Tel. Bell M. 618. H. A. PRICE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. GEO. STRUBBE, City Ticket Agt.

THE STRIFE In Ireland the gotten by William another riot in a land where he still week's reception mond, Dillon, an ceeding anything new's reception of vation, constructive City O'Brienism, election will drive city and Healy fr duce the factionis or four quiet an Nearly every Capriest confirms th nion that Mr. Re stronger to-day t since the Parnell The world of M its first move to The shopkeepers wait at home and over the impending the profits of suc the late King ha would have initi sion as to the s period of mourni stiveness of the r movements of pub worlds of society main still in the is largely because have left Dondon a vacation interrupt death. The furth the reassembling June 8 renders an lities at close qu The interval is oc of the minor d dealing with va promise in the str Ministry and th but these suggesti tively from the T fer any proposal could accept. All sals for a reform Lords would pres of the Lords. E trol is still veh by Lord Salisbury crusted a Tory to body but himself. A more hopeful from Sir Alfred dows the claim of by the Lords, but relative deadlocks and Commons be herences. He mee the inequality of Tories in the L such representative herences as would some equality. But while such a growing tenden the Tories to an clitable position, and Mr. Balfour r silent and the Libe also unplugged.

THE NEW KING The new King beca frequently of dra and the mother and our protectio tion as the on completing that lacks a good de fibre which made typical an English

LIBERAL Outlook of Eng tain Avers T The following O'Connor in the upon the Engli are significant an close perusal: Until Parliamen forecast the fut between the two discussion in the proposed alterat ion oath. All epts the desirab King the humili twelve million O enough rabid C and the animos, amot measure opposition in Par on the other h with an appropr position than o aware him unsee beginning of his When things be Liberal program any change in th tactics, but the of dates. Lord sal to reform th and the proposa stead of curtaill the Lords will fr more. The rea then, will be v election should c next January. The Irish, Lab will press for the will depend on occupied by the new budget and the Government.

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